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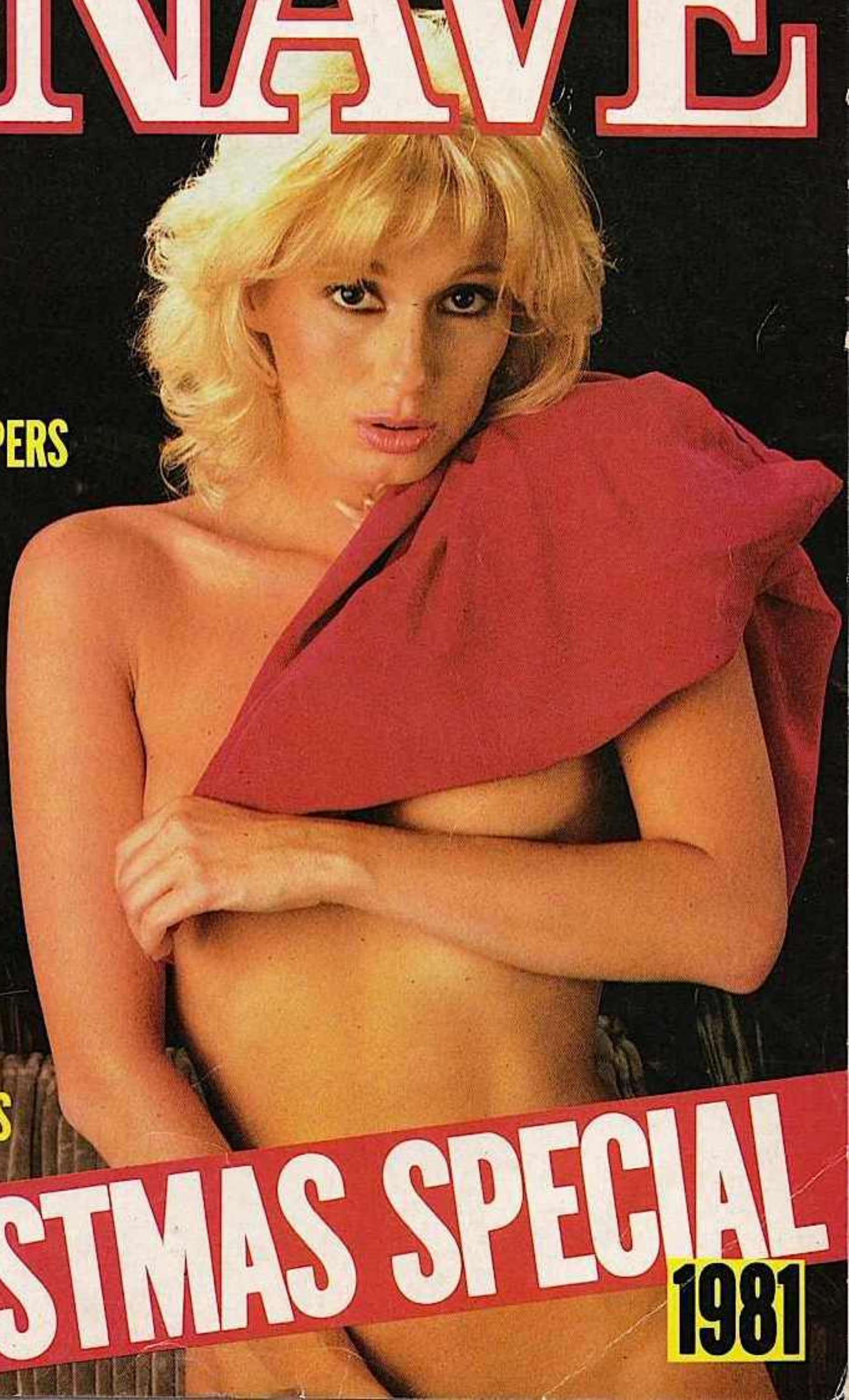
KNAVE

WHAT TO STUFF HER STOCKING WITH THIS CHRISTMAS

HOW THE STRIPPERS PUT THE TEASE IN STRIPTEASE

ARE APHRODISIACS REALLY THE FOODS OF LOVE?

AND A VERY GENEROUS HELPING OF BEAUTIFUL GIRLS



CHRISTMAS SPECIAL 1981

From Annette with love

Say hello to Annette Johnson. She's already in her nightgown, and more or less committed to getting rid of that (soon as you turn the page). This is her space. She'd like to devote it to you. So all you need is a pen and some paper . . .

I FIND that being KNAVE'S new resident columnist I am getting a very thorough grounding in human relationship problems and opinions. I suppose when you get to the wrong side of 30 you think, even if you don't always let on, that you know it all, but it takes a change of job, or an additional new interest, like my writing assignment for this magazine, to really bring you up to date with how things have changed since you really thought about them last.

More married men, and women, write to me than single people. The letters boil down, usually, to what sociologists call extra-marital relationships. The reason is that many women go out to work again after children come along out of sheer economic necessity. They have temptation put in their way in their work environment and a good percentage appear to succumb. From your letters I don't think 'love' has anything to do with these affairs, and they certainly don't appear to be planned. They just happen naturally. What appears to be the underlying motivation is doing something wrong; illicit.

I'm sorry I can't print your entire letter, Robin. You certainly went into great detail about your affair with Jayne, but I think the paper would burn up if I were to reproduce its more purple passages! Robin is a 26 year old Surveyor, and writes to me from Dorking, about his secret affair.

Dear Annette,

I surveyed an old mansion in the Surrey Hills and came across two or three reels of 8mm film. We had some friends coming to dinner and, as I'm a home movie fan myself I thought I would put them on, not knowing what they were. Seems a bit stupid now. Anyway, they were blue films, full of penises pumping into vaginas, and ladies with enormous boobs. Monica, my wife, was bloody furious, and shouted at me to turn the projector off. But Jayne, the other woman of the foursome, became very excited. She tried to

"She was wearing some very tiny sexy underwear and it occured to me that she had put them on knowing full well what might happen . . ."

play it down by making a big joke about it all, but I could see she was turned on by the way her eyes kept darting about.

We arranged to have them to dinner again, but Monica had to go and see her mother who was taken ill. I rang up Jayne and told her that I still wanted to go ahead. She said O.K. and turned up without her bloke, making some excuse that his motorbike had broken down. We has a litre of wine with supper and afterwards Jayne insisted on being shown the blue films, and came and sat beside me on the sofa. For all our nervous laughter I had a very strong erection which Jayne accidently touched as she leaned across me to stub out her cigarette.

"I wish I had that affect on men," she said, letting her hand tarry on my mound.

"You do!" I told her, hoarsely. We started; she unzipped me as I pulled her dress up over her head. She was wearing some very tiny sexy underwear and it occurred to me that she had put that on knowing what might happen. I hadn't seen stockings and suspenders on a girl for years.

As I took her briefs down she flung her arms around me and said: "I want you to really fuck me hard!" No sooner had she said that than I came right inside her. We had sex twice more that night, and a bloody good bang first thing before she left to catch the first train. Yet, the funny thing (funny?) is that we didn't do it any more afterwards, and resumed our friendship on a platonic basis. My wife, Monica is, frankly, a much better screw, and also I happen to love her. But I don't fell sordid or disloyal over my one night fling with Jayne. I'm glad it happened, yet my conscience pricks me still at times. Was I right or wrong, Annete? What do you think? ***Robin, Dorking.***

Dear Robin,

The fact that you're asking me means you are conscience stricken. The fact that you went into such explicit detail in your letter (only a small part of which I felt I could decently reproduce) means that you have lived every naughty moment of your indiscretion many times since. If you were my husband, and I found out you had been screwing someone, especially someone we both knew, I think I would kill you, knowing my possessive nature and quick temper, at times.

But, if you ask me, as you have done, to take a more impersonal view—woman of the world?—and look at what you did, I don't think harm was done. It happened once, after all. It hasn't broken up your marriage. To hell with the sociologists and do-gooders. If you want my honest opinion, I think it did you a lot of good. However, what would you have done if you found out Monica had been screwing around? No; don't write and tell me, I can guess.

It amazes me just how many raunchy letters I get from the 'respectable' South of England. From places where you would think a girl would be drummed out of the 'Brownies' for saying 'bugger'! Here's Camelia from Woking, a 24 year old married Executive Secretary. "I got married at 19 and for the first year we lived in a grotty flat near the centre of the town in what used to be Edwardian terraced homes for the middle class. After the thrill of being married; the honeymoon, the presents, getting our own place, I soon realized how different the lifestyle was of the man for whom I worked at the office. He was no oil rich Arab, but a decent bloke with nice car and clothes.

"Pretty soon I was having an affair with him up in the executive flat at lunchtime (take your notebook, please, Mrs. Crust) and it fizzled out. He became interested in another lady who had joined the staff, and one of the other girls put me wise. 'He specialises in married women. They're safer, he thinks'. "Anyhow, I behaved for almost three years before I met Grant. He was good looking in the Michael Caine manner, but his brashness got me down so I didn't fall for his chat at first. Then we had an office party and I got pissed. Grant drove me home. He didn't make a pass all the time in the car, and when I asked to be let out at the corner of my road where there was no street lamp and no-one would peer out, he gave me a brotherly peck on the cheek. I don't know what got into me. Well, I do, the booze, of course, but I responded by giving him a passionate kiss on the lips.

"I felt his hand go up my skirt. It was terrific. I was really randy. He got higher until he was as far as he could go..."

"I felt his hand start to go up my skirt. It was terrific. I was terribly randy. He got higher until he was as far as he could go, coming to my tights, so he just started stroking me. I had my hand on his trousers massaging his bulge, stronger and stronger. I put my thumb and first finger on his zipper and had his willie out very quickly. He made me have an orgasm and I did the same for him.

"We met two nights later—I made some excuse that I was working late—and this time he took me home to his place and really had me, pumping my pussy apart with his magnificent rod. I was in seventh heaven. Just like the first time with my husband, and then great waves of creamy warmth made me come too.

"We had a purely sexual relationship for six months, until I broke it off. It was getting too heavy. My husband wasn't suspicous, or didn't act like he was, but the scheming and the lying was getting me down. Besides, I love my husband. You might think me a tramp when I say I would have an affair again if I found someone who could sexually satisfy me like Grant did. I don't think pure sex relationships can hurt a marriage provided it's discreet. That's just my view, though. I might be wrong."

Honestly, Camelia, I don't know why you bothered to write to me. you sound as if you are very well adjusted to the facts of life as they are lived today. Again, that word 'discreet' comes into it. What you have said boiled down to this. It's all right to play around, as long as you don't get caught. But you know, and here I go lecturing, life's a very funny thing. I would bet, if I were a betting girl, that the reason your husband has said nothing, and appeared not to notice your 'indiscretions', is that he's working on a quiet 'What is good for the goose is good for the gander' thing, himself. You have been so wrapped up in your own guilt that you may not have noticed his own coming and goings. If you have, and if you find out that he's been getting a bit on the side, I wonder whether you will be

WRITE ME A FEW LINES...

Whatever you want to write about, I'll try and answer your letters. Don't forget, though, that I can't send you any personal replies, letters can only be answered in the magazine. Send them to me, Annette Johnson, c/o Knave, Hermit Place, 252 Belsize Road, London NW6 4BT, and I'll get back to you.

able to contain yourself? I should think I'll get a howling letter of anger from you on the 'all men are bastards' theme.

Johnny Morris from Bradford has a confessor's conscience. he's been playing around with a barmaid for a few months now. It's just finishing: an affair on the rocks and he seems determined 'to do the right thing' and tell his wife all. "Anne's so sweet; she has the sort of nature which is extremely tolerant. Maybe it's that which has put me off having sex with her. She no longer turns me on as she did when we first met and married.

"I met Vera when she came to the pub I used by the factory gates as a new barmaid. She's what I suppose you'd call 'common', but really revs me up watching her. Anything she wears seems to show off her body great. She wears stockings with seams instead of tights. Her dresses and skirts are tighter than anyone else's, and she's great in bed.

"I got a bit stoned one night and started chatting her up. I told her about Anne and our lack of sex, and told her it was all my fault, too. She didn't take the mick; she listened, and said: 'Well, luv, it takes *two*, if you know what I mean. Being a nice, pleasant woman has its disadvantages too. One loses that sharpness a girl really needs with men, and becomes sow-like after breeding a litter. Those sort of women let themselves go *mentally*, more than physically, and that's why blokes like you come here and chat me up.'

"I must have looked like a told-off schoolboy because she laughed, leaned over the counter, and kissed me, making her tongue dart a couple of times in and out of my mouth."

"'If that's an invitation...?' I began.

"'You'll accept!' she finished the sentence with a very horny smile. Well, I went up the staff stairs to her room—the pub guv'ner was her mate, and I was a good punter—and got on the

"She wasn't a tease. She wanted to go all the way. Her body was all her clothes made out and she liked talking dirty on the job..."

bed with her. She wasn't a prick teaser, she started unbuttoning my shirt and I undid her skirt. Her body was everything her clothes made it out to be, and she liked talking dirty when we were on the job.

"I couldn't help thinking of Anne. Anne would have an orgasm and that would be that, but Vera kept on and on. She *worked* at sex and getting the most out of it. I started seeing her on the q.t. and it got to our having it off three evenings a week. Then one night she said: 'It's gone too far. I can't control my feelings about you. I'm not a homebreaker so you'd better bugger off, whilst I'm still thinking like a decent woman at heart.'

"We had a last screw, and put everything into it, both of us holding back until we could no longer. The next day Vera handed in her notice and quit. I found that I had free nights all of a sudden, and Anne couldn't understand why she was seeing more of me. She didn't say anything but I could tell she was hurt, deep down. I think I must get it all off my chest, I do hope you agree.'"

No, Johnny Morris from Bradford, I don't. I think you behaved like a man when you were knocking off Vera, but I think you're about to behave like a B.F. by telling Anne. Confession *isn't* always good for the soul. If you tell Anne what she may know, or what your guilty conscience feels she knows, you will strip her of all self-respect. She probably loves you too much to walk out, which means that by not doing so she condones, morally and in law, your adultery. Some things in life are better left unsaid. Happy Endings and 'telling the truth at all times' are for the children's story books, believe me. From what you say in your letter you have not rubbed your wife's nose in it, so isn't it better to let her have the occasional think, glad that she can't prove it, because she basically doesn't want to have to? One thing Johnny, I wouldn't suddenly change your habits now that Vera's left you. *That* will provoke your wife's suspicions. In fact, it's almost guaranteed!

See you all next month.

Love,

Annette

Emma

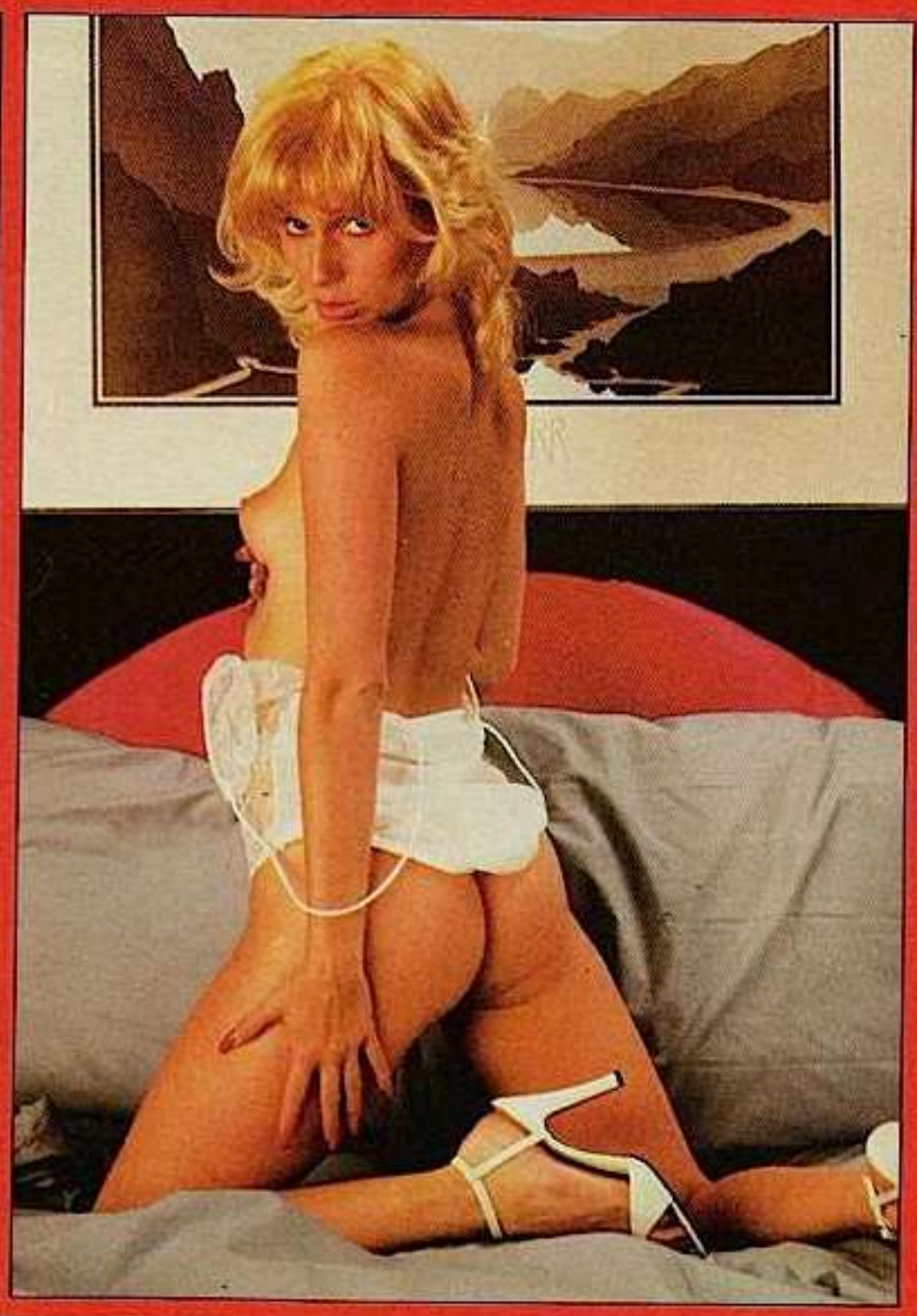
PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. B. KANE

It's puzzle time. Let's go deeper. The scene is exactly what you see. Temperature soars into the nineties. (Forecast is for hotter yet). A girl—like Emma—is reclining gracefully on a Venetian sun-couch. Her knickers are tight. The foliage surround is far too high for press photographers on extension ladders or stilts, so it is safe to assume that the garden is intruder-proof. Those are the clues. Now you figure out what happens next. (Answers on page 96).

Gudrun

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEPHEN HICKS

God, another blonde. They are coming out of the woodwork, I tell you. But then that must come as some consolation to those of us who have not recently had any female visitors arriving through the bathroom window. The woodwork will have to do. Gudrun, it is plain, possesses a petite frame. She is lithe, almost feline-supple and struts her stuffing in a way that does not automatically rule out the fact that she may, at one time, have held down employment as disco duchess in a dive where the mobile body competes energetically with strobe lighting and James Brown lyrics. Such a frame naturally encourages the notion that emerging from the woodwork is no hardship to her. Thus, when you see her coming (both ways) try not to pollute her with household chemicals. She won't do you no harm.

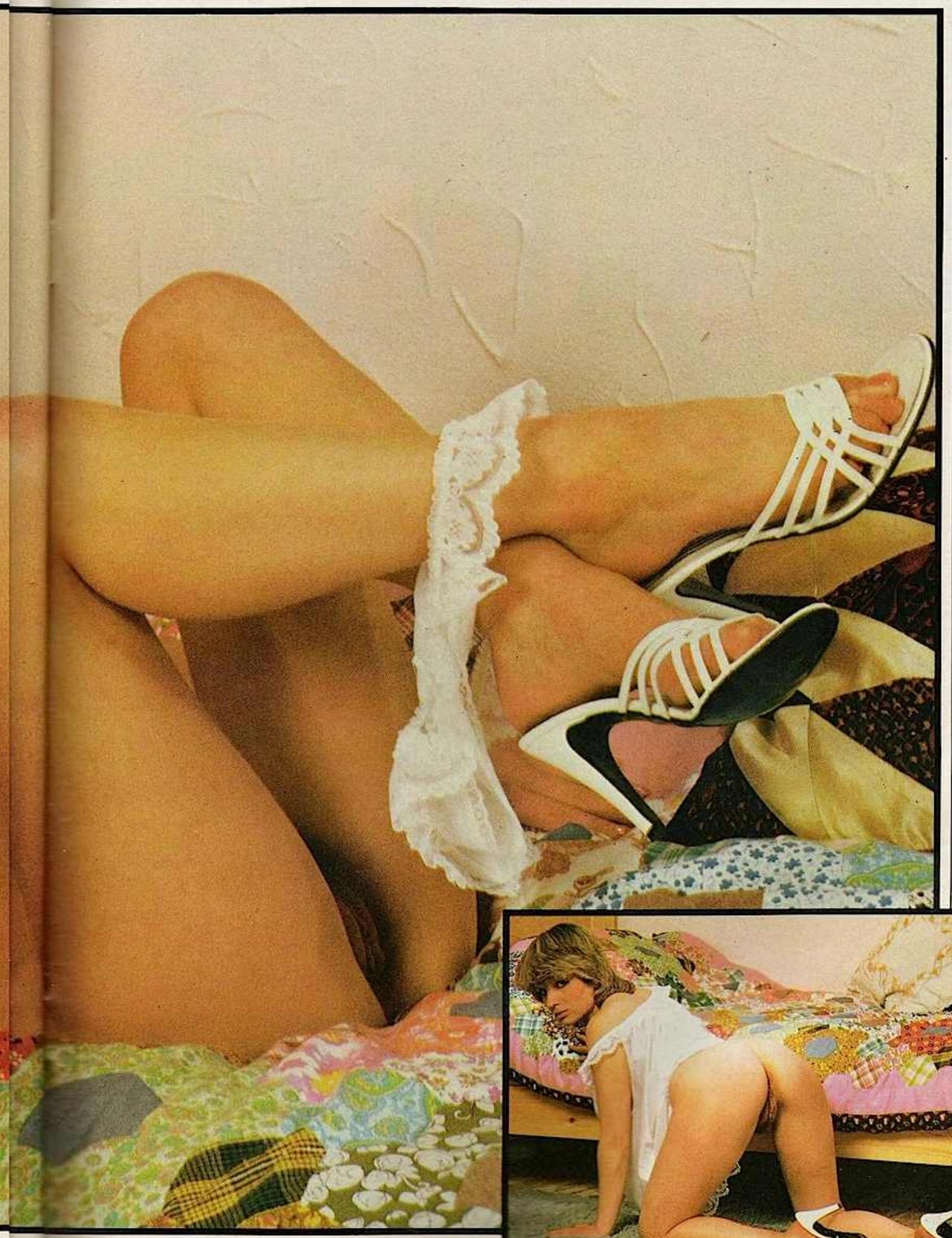


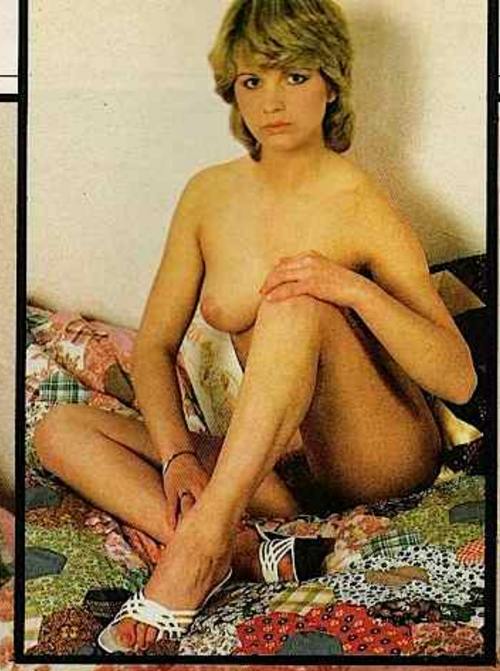
Jessica Moncrieff

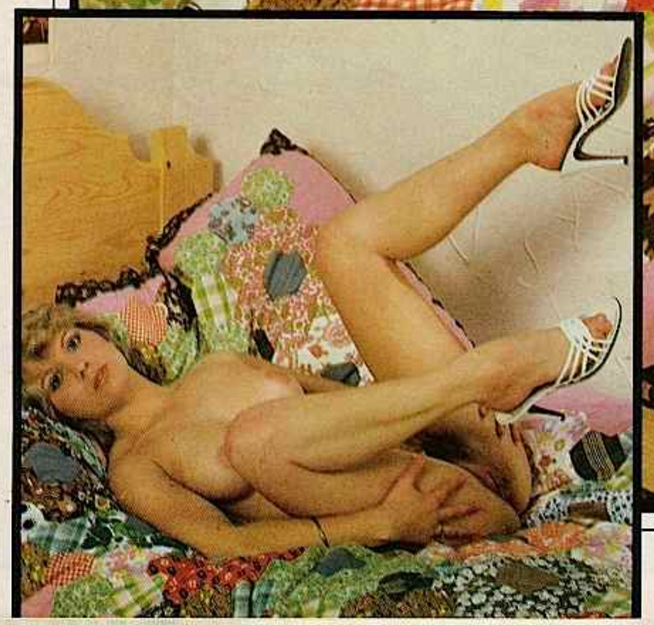
The editor got his first introduction to Jessica when she was lying in a position not unlike that witnessed on this page. His voice was a shade hoarse as the greetings were exchanged. "I can't shake hands," she said, smiling politely, "because my nails aren't dry quite yet." The editor mumbled something, while a mental picture of them raking his shoulder blades passed across before getting absorbed in the more general sexual chaos he was experiencing.

Jessica's originally from Durban, but moved to England when the political climate failed to suit her. She takes a lot of dictation for a living (none of it on anyone's knee), but would like to model more often. "I think my body has a lot to offer," she said in a soft voice. But the nails still weren't dry.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID PAL







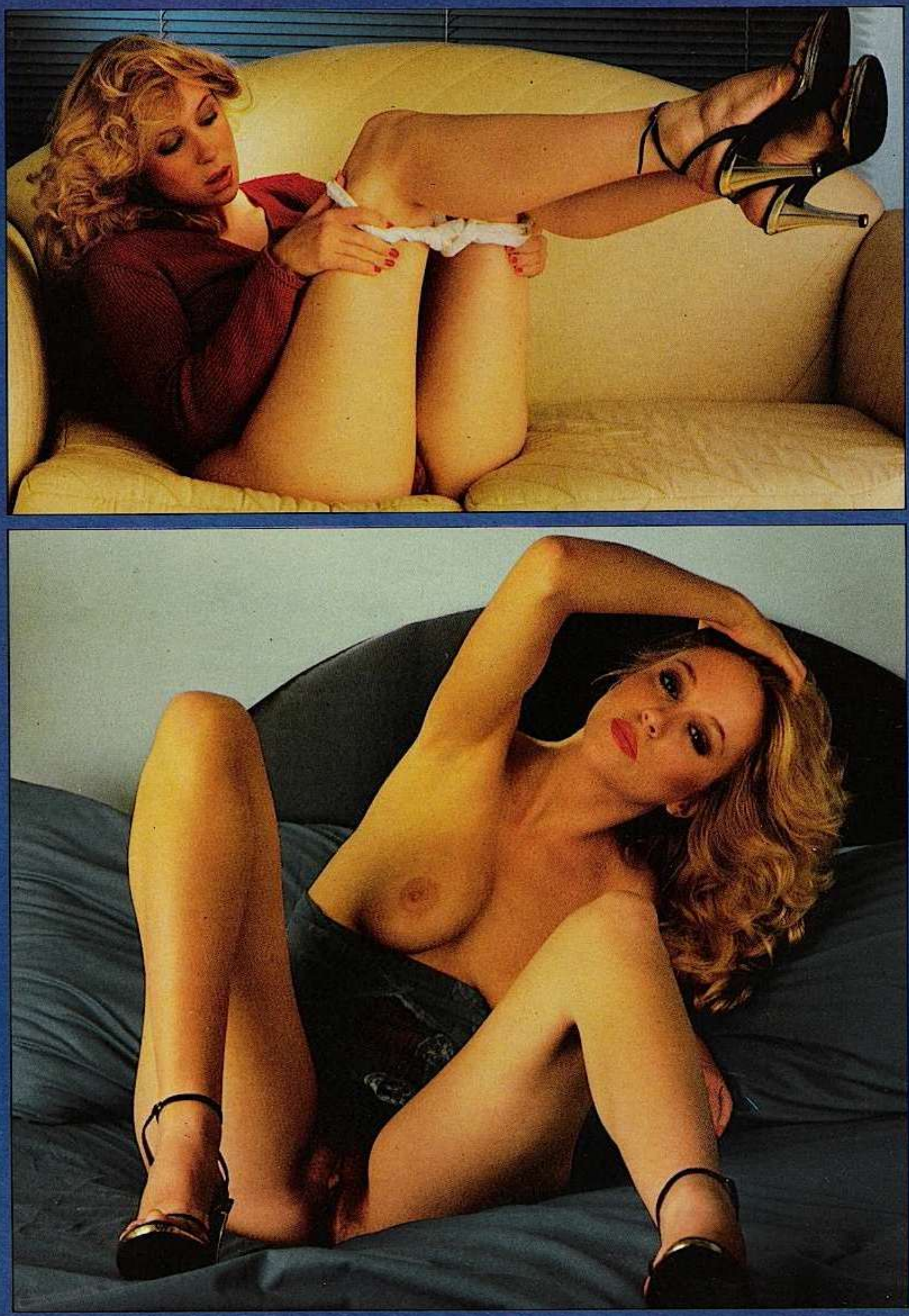
AN OFFER YOU CAN'T REFUSE

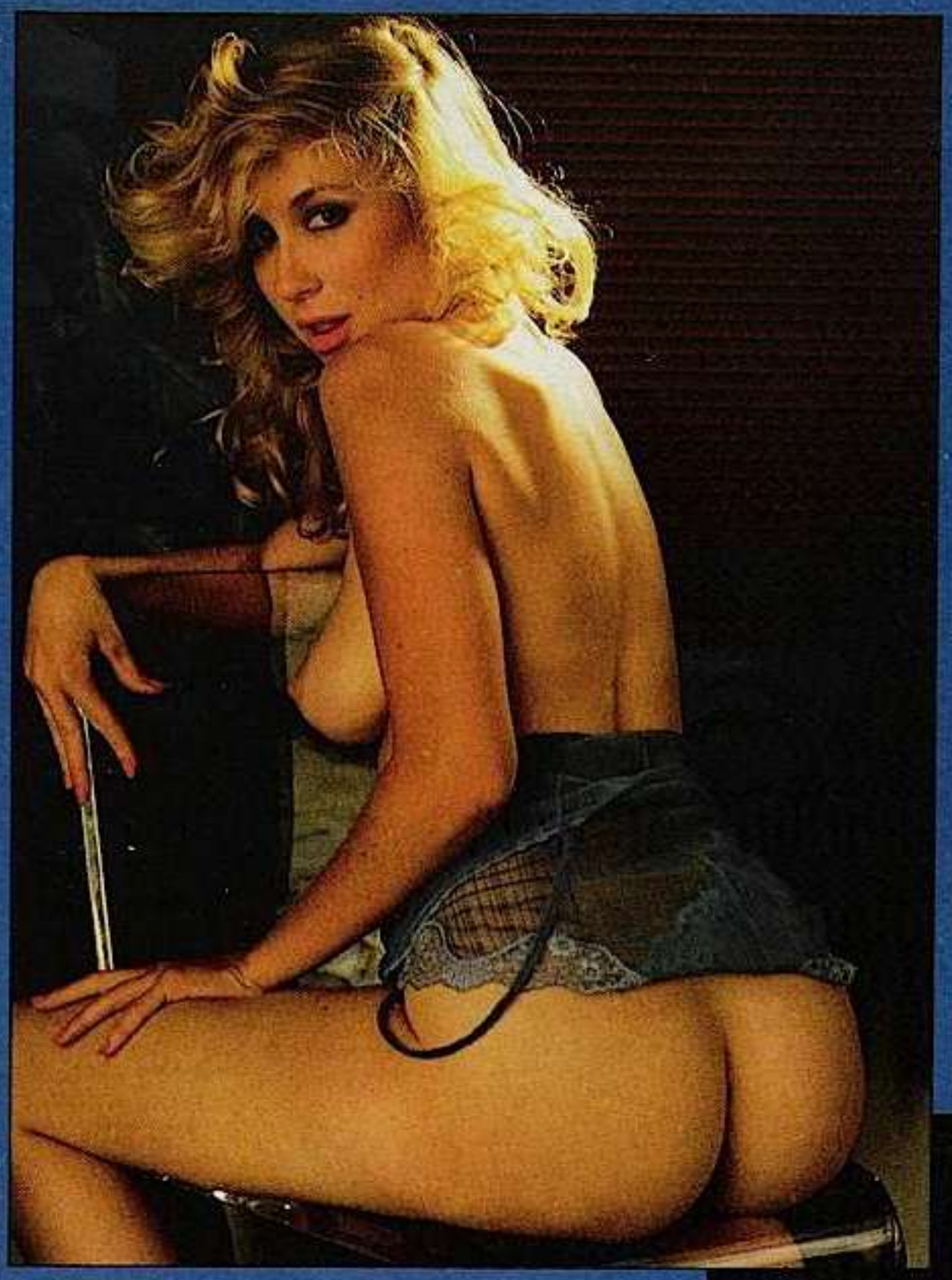
Knave's Amateur Model of the Month feature is still open to any girl anxious to experience a little glamour under the lights. All you need to send is three recent pictures of yourself (preferably nude) with your name and address included. Your modelling fee is $150, and the enterprising photographer who brings you to our attention will receive $25 for his initiative. Let's hear from you *now*.

NORMA

What is there left to say about a girl who so scurrilously carries her sex upon a sleeve? Maybe this. She's in her mid-twenties, I guess, throws very wild soirées where she gets to dance semi-naked on tables, spills Pina Coladas down the ample neckline, doesn't believe in marriage or second-hand clothes and likes to lose heavily at strip poker. This is all pure conjecture, you understand. I'm just going on that freaky glint in her eyes. That and how quickly she steps out the gear.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEPHEN HICKS





NORMA

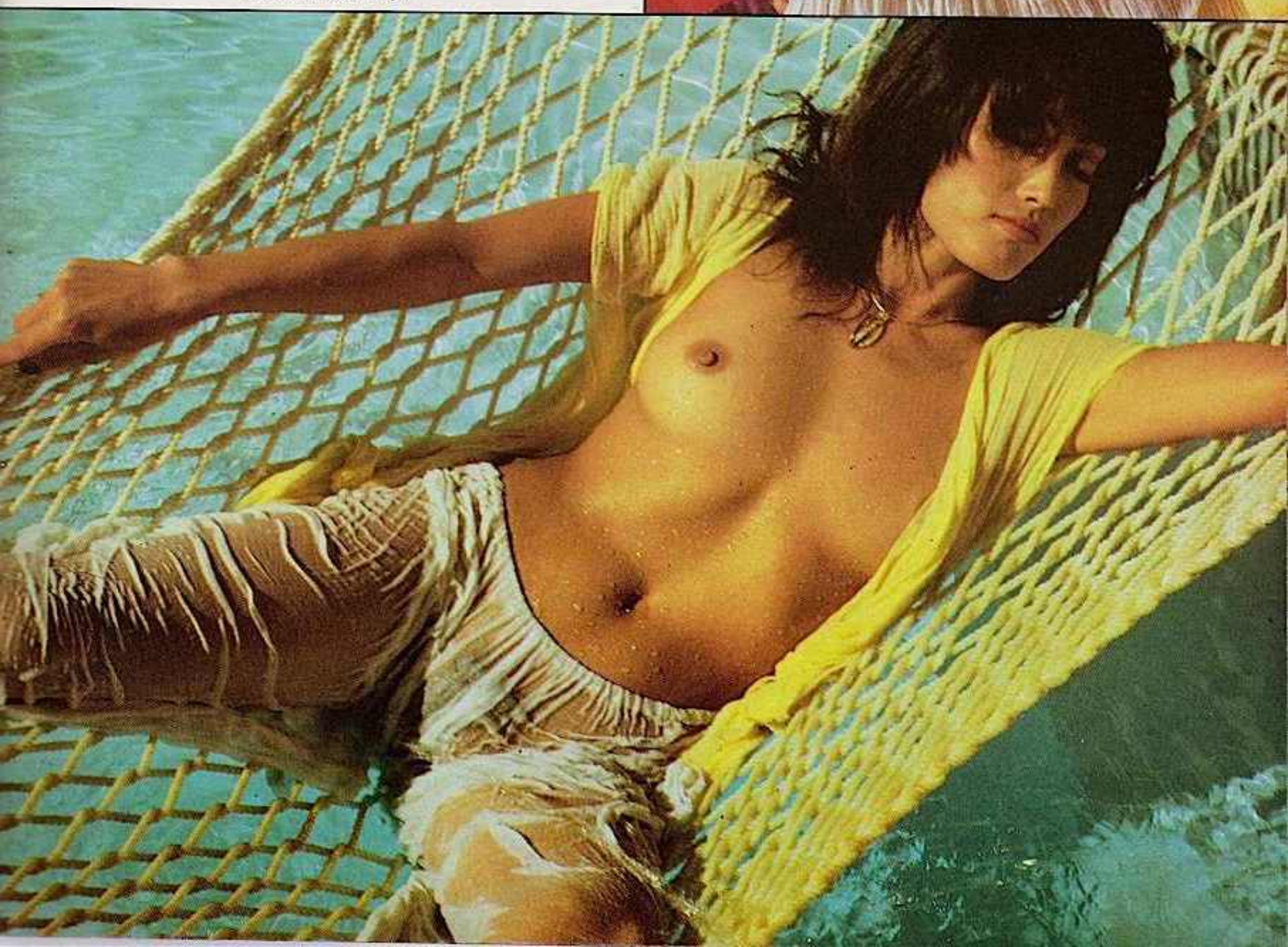
KNAVE

MAGAZINE

Prunella

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROBERT SCOTT HOOPER

Just to look at Prunella, you can see right away that, to paraphrase Kellog's "she's a grown-up who'd rather not grow any more." She has a waist that's as thin as Nimble bread, and a lot browner. Her breasts are easy to get along with. She obviously prefers the plumage to be a little on the wispy and diaphonous side. (Which means, of course, you can cop a higher percentage of flesh than what the butler saw through the onyx keyhole, poor sod). And if she takes your breath away, that seems only fair since, if you still had it, you might just blow her away.



Wynne

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LEWIS BLOOD

Behold, a lady with fairly arresting features, who tolerates no lethargy amongst her lovers. But, let me get this right, her name is Wynne? "Un-huh," she shot back in a tone of voice that sounded like an iron glove being hurled to the floor. "My mother was expecting a boy, so she added another *n* and a silent e." I only had time for one more question (she was catching a Freddie Laker flight). What did she dislike most in a lover? "I once balled with a guy who was deeply into sex manuals. He'd look at an illustration, show it to me and say 'hey, we haven't tried that yet'. Now I really hate that kind of shit. So he didn't last."